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There is an old proverb among the farmers to the effect that the winter's snow is God's fertilizer. If the saying is a true one there is an outlook for wonderful crops in Indiana this year.

Perhaps Mr. Bryan was created for the health and eternal vigilance of his party. Certainly his ability to keep conservative Democrats on the anxious seat cannot be overestimated.

"You may say as emphatically as you like," says Mr. William Jennings Bryan, "that the Democratic convention at St. Louis will not nominate any one who voted for Palmer and Buckner." Well, that knocks two—possibly three—of the strongest candidates out, and simplifies the situation a good deal. Still, there is Hearst—and maybe one or two others, not counting the Dark Horse.

There will come a time when bankers will be obliged to adopt some absolutely sure guard against embezzlement. As things are now thefts are not only possible but very easy. The report of defalcations by a Cleveland bank cashier was followed by news from Nashua, N. H., where a trust company officer embezzled more than \$30,000. There must be some means devised of making thefts apparent before they reach such large amounts.

Congress has been asked to cut down the appropriation for naval target practice, but if Congress has half the sense for which it is given credit it will practice no such poor economy. It was the result of much money spent for naval target practice which made the wonderful victories at Santiago and Manila possible. It would be penny-wise statesmanship indeed which would allow the navy to degenerate from the standard it set in 1898.

Three new uses for radium were discovered yesterday; this brings the average up to the right figure, as only one was discovered the day before. It is now certain that "liquid sunshine" cures all known diseases, together with a number that have not yet been discovered, prevents hydrophobia, determines the sex of infants and revolutionizes warfare, art, science and labor. It is now suspected that radium will do everything but make hens lay, save the Delaware peach crop and elect a Democratic President.

The question of holding a state fair during the present year should be considered or broad grounds. Possibly the fair might not pay expenses this year on account of the St. Louis exposition, although that is by no means certain. The important point to be considered is the future of the fair. If omitting the fair this year would injure its prestige for the future and make it difficult to recover ground, then by all means the fair should be held without reference to the financial results this year. No doubt many thousands of people would come to the fair who will not go to St. Louis.

The refusal of the County Council to make an appropriation for the purchase of voting machines will be a surprise to those who believe that the efficiency of the machines has been fully demonstrated and that the time has come when a beginning should be made towards fully equipping the county with them. The reasons given by some members of the Council for voting against the appropriation will not be regarded as satisfactory by persons who are conversant with the operation of the machines and their practical economy. It is by no means certain that they can ever be bought cheaper than they can now, and the longer their purchase is postponed the more the county will lose through the present cumbersome and expensive method of holding elections.

A leading physician of South Bend has evolved a theory which he proposes to put to a practical test that an infant born of colored parents can be prevented from becoming black by being subjected to the red light treatment. His theory is that a negro's skin is more sensitive than that of any other human being, and for that reason more pigment is thrown out to protect him under the climatic conditions in which his forefathers were born. By preventing pigmentation it is claimed that children of

negro parents, which are generally born light colored, turning darker under the sun's rays, will become even whiter than the Caucasian race. When the able South Bend physician has demonstrated the truth of his theory he should turn his attention to the interesting problem of extracting sunshine from cucumbers.

MR. BRYAN AND HIS PARTY.

Mr. Bryan continues to vary his speeches between demanding a reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform and recommending a hypodermic injection of conscience serum into the Democratic party. He is insistent that no exception or qualification shall be made in reaffirming the 16-to-1 platform, and he is quite confident that the conscience cure would prove to be just what the party needs—a sort of elixir of life that would give it new wind and muscle.

Thus far neither of Mr. Bryan's suggestions has met with much favor from the party leaders or the rank and file. A majority of both classes seem to think that political parties should be organized and nominations made with some other object than to court defeat, and therefore that instead of reaffirming the platforms of 1896 and 1900 they should build a new one. The experiment of facing to the front instead of to the rear would be a new departure for the party and might wrench it even to the point of some kind of a dislocation, but most of the party leaders seem disposed to take the risk. Of course, Mr. Bryan will continue to hark back and fight for the reaffirmation policy as long as there is any fighting ground left.

His other proposition has fallen flat. There has not been a single contribution to his conscience fund nor the slightest indication that the party desires to take the treatment. The party leaders and the press both treat it with silent contempt. This may be because they do not accept Dr. Bryan's diagnosis of the case, or because they distrust his remedy, but the fact remains that his proposition to build the party up with a conscience tonic has met with no response.

If the party leaders and press continue to maintain this attitude of indifference to Mr. Bryan's conscience proposition he might secede and form a new party of Conscience Democrats. There was once a party nicknamed "Conscience Whigs." In 1860 the Whigs had taken the position in Congress that the slavery question, which they regarded as settled, should not be reopened. President Fillmore approved this policy, but it led to dissensions in the party in several States. In Massachusetts those opposed to the stand taken by the leaders in Washington were known as "Conscience Whigs," and those who approved as "Cotton Whigs." The Conscience Whigs never carried an election, but Mr. Bryan would not mind that. He would rather be right than be President.

ANYTHING TO WIN.

An enterprising Eastern politician has secured the views of a large number of Democratic newspapers as to what should be the issues in the coming campaign. The opinions given cover a limitless range and are marked by that deplorable absurdity which is the striking characteristic of Democratic opinion in the abstract. But, despite this wide variance, they strike, every one of them, one note of cohesiveness. They are all for something that will win.

A great majority of the men questioned declare against free silver as an issue; and every one of them frankly states, as his reason, that it is evident free silver cannot win. The anti-imperialism cry is generally discredited because it will not win. The use of tariff reform as an issue is discouraged because it stands no chance of winning. From first to last the meat and kernel of the opinions is, "We must choose something that will win." There is no question as to whether the policies decided upon shall make for national good. There is no effort to prove that the issues favored shall work for the public weal. National good and public weal are minor considerations. The one thing needful is Democratic victory.

There seems small reason to doubt the result when such a proposition is submitted to a sane people. There seems little possibility of the majority of American voters being deceived by whatever clap-trap battery the Democratic convention may evolve, knowing, as the voter will, the manner of its choice. Out of falsehood and sophistry and absurdity the Democratic convention will build a platform, because it must. But, with the knowledge that it is utterly impossible under the admitted conditions, for the platform to be other than one of expediency, it can scarcely prove much of a menace to Republican success in the election and national prosperity and progress in the four years to follow.

CONGRESSMAN'S MILEAGE.

A few days ago when Mr. Henrymen reported to the House a bill containing an appropriation to pay members mileage for the regular session he said it was now "up to the House" to determine the propriety of paying it. It would have been more courageous on the part of the committee if the appropriation had been left out of the bill, thus leaving it up to the House to put it in or not. Mr. Henrymen has shown himself a rigid economist, and perhaps he was overruled by the committee in this matter.

The question has several sides. First, there is a question as to the propriety of members voting themselves mileage at all. It is a survival of an obsolete era, has been a subject of much scandal, and is altogether of questionable propriety. In former times when traveling was expensive there was some propriety in it, but in these days of cheap and rapid travel there is little occasion for it, especially as ninety-nine congressmen out of every hundred travel on free passes.

Another question involved in the present case is whether members shall be allowed mileage for both the special and the regular sessions, although the latter began at the very end of the former ended and the members did not go home. The law says that the salary of \$5,000 a year "shall be in lieu of all pay and allowance, except actual individual traveling expenses from their homes to the seat of government and return, by the most direct route of usual travel, once for each session of the House to which such senator or representative belongs, to be certified under his hand to the disbursing officer and filed as a voucher." The member certifies what purports to be his actual expenses and the allowance is made at the rate of 20 cents a mile which, as everybody knows, is greatly in excess of the cost of traveling, even if members did not have passes.

The provision that members shall only be allowed mileage "once for each session of

the House" was obviously intended to cover all of their actual traveling expenses in going to and returning from the capital. As there was no interval between the special and regular sessions and as few, if any, of the members went home, there is no justice in the claim that they were entitled to an allowance for traveling expenses.

The Journal's Washington correspondent says: "Representative Littlefield, of Maine, one of the ablest lawyers in the House, asserts that there is not a scintilla of law on the statute books authorizing the payment of mileage for any session, and that the whole business has been a grab from 1874 down to the present time." Of course, Mr. Littlefield will vote and perhaps speak against the proposed allowance, either for the special or the regular session. There certainly is nothing in the law authorizing an allowance of 20 cents a mile for "actual individual traveling expenses." Prior to 1896 mileage was allowed at the rate of \$3 for every twenty miles traveled. Under that law members sometimes made the route as long as possible. In 1896 the allowance was reduced to 20 cents a mile. The so-called "salary grab" act of 1873 increased the salaries of members to \$7,500 a year and left the mileage at 20 cents a mile. The act of 1874, repealing the salary grab act, reduced members' salaries to \$5,000 a year and substituted "actual individual traveling expenses" for the mileage allowance and provided that these actual expenses should be paid under the member's hand to the disbursing officer. The allowance of 20 cents a mile is without any authority of law. Mr. Littlefield is probably right in saying that "the whole business has been a grab from 1874 down to the present time."

On a magnificent estate in the richest part of Ireland, surrounded by an immense retinue of servants and sustained to the last by every comfort money could procure, there has just died an aged marquis. He had lived beyond the ordinary span of life allotted to human beings—to the age when a good man shows the most marked saintliness of his character; when a statesman's mistakes are forgotten and his services magnified into wonderful deeds—when a useful citizen becomes "the Grand Old Man" and is revered by friends and foes alike.

The Marquis of Sligo had arrived at this age, but at none of these honors of age. Not a tear was shed by any of those thousands of tenants and retainers. None wished or dared to allude to his virtues, for he never had any; excoriated and despised in life, he went to a dishonored grave. The memories he has left behind are memories of extortion and cruel wrong, of reckless vice and extravagance, of merciless dealings with the poor, and of all the worst traits ever attributed to the Irish landlord class.

The Marquis of Sligo owned an estate of 15,000 acres in the beautiful County Mayo. It was all inherited from his father, and the legitimate income of the estate and other properties was \$150,000 a year. From the first year of his heritage he spent more of this princely income. For his estate he cared nothing, for his tenants he cared less than nothing, but the money he furnished was necessary to his career of vicious recklessness. So he ordered his agent to increase the rents; and again and again the prices of the miserable little holdings went up until they were the most exorbitant in all Ireland—and that is saying much. The "crownbar brigade" of ruffians in the pay of Lord Sligo evicted the entire population of villages and pulled down the houses. Then followed terrible famines, war and disease. The "hunger sickness" swooped down on County Mayo like a plague, and of Sligo's tenants almost several thousands perished. Thousands died because they were unable to furnish their food with money for his dissipation and folly! He was responsible for the health and welfare of all these swarms of women and helpless babes—he took all they had on earth and left them to starve while he drank and was merry with this blood-money.

All this was in 1847 and the miserable years that followed. Many of the old tenants fled to America and new ones finally took their place. These, too, felt the heavy hand of the rapacious landlord until 1875, when the marquis married a French lady of great wealth. He was sixty years old, but he spent more money than ever. But he stayed on the Continent and used his wife's money, and the oppressed tenants got a little rest.

The Marquis of Sligo was the worst of his race—perhaps he is the last. For with the new laws just passed, no great Irish landlord will ever again dare to do the things he did. The new century has dawned brightly for Ireland—the land which for seven centuries has been oppressed by such men as the monster who has just died. A history of his life reads like that of one of the cruellest tyrants of mediaeval history, and he will long be remembered as they were, and reviled as a type of a rule that has passed away forever.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its general counsel, has asked the local authorities to prohibit or in some way prevent grade crossings of steam railways by traction lines. The question was pretty sure to come up soon or late, and its solution is not easy. The Pennsylvania official says: "There are few, if any, cases where, by skillful engineering and a reasonable expenditure of money, such crossings cannot be avoided. In some cases the public may be required to walk a very small premium to pay for the resulting security of life." The same might be said of many of the steam road grade crossings of highways. There is not a railroad grade crossing in all England. How would the Pennsylvania Company like to have such a law in this State?

James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, thinks the Panama canal is a local issue. He says it may help the South, but that the Northwest will not be benefited by it in the least. The Great Northern is a railroad in the Northwest, and there have been people who called the tariff "a local issue."

In Los Angeles there is a man who believes in the no-clothing day, and he was arrested the other day for giving a practical illustration of his ideas on the public streets. Not a single member of the cult has been seen around Indianapolis lately. There is one thing that should require no cold water.

Russell Sage will be obliged to go to work again. "Poor Russell," after many years of unremitting toil he had saved a competence which he thought justified him in retiring from active operations in Wall street. By strict economy the little hoard he had put by would support him in comparative comfort during his declining years. But fate is ever remorseless. A Minnesota jury has given a verdict of \$5,000 to a man who sued Uncle Russ for money for his services. So the poor old man will have to give up his fond dream of a pleasant old age, and go back to the street to work again.

A Berlin laundry has struck a fine advertising idea. It offers to keep its customers supplied with shirts if they will pay for the washing. Why doesn't some local laundry try that scheme? As shirts are washed now they could make no money, for a shirt is usually ruined at about the third washing, but if the companies were buying the linen they would be more careful.

A new heating scheme is reported from Paris. Carpets are made of electric wires which have only a limited conductivity; they stay warm, but do not communicate a shock. In a gambling room where one of these carpets was tried it is said that no one got cold feet during an entire evening.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says that once in the long ago he cut eighty cords of wood in a logging camp. That is to say, he proved that he could do honest work if he wanted to—but he doesn't want to. Eighty cords is not much, but a record as against an entirely idle lifetime.

A Pennsylvania man scared away two burglars with a revolver, and what is regarded as making it a better joke, the burglars ran. The revolver was not loaded, but the burglars ran because they were not the most dangerous kind, as statistics will show.

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The next contestant for the America's cup may be a Canadian who has made a large fortune in Australia. It appears that after England and Ireland have failed the colonies wish to show what they can do.

An English writer, H. B. Marriott-Watson, says that American women are degenerate. Why will American women marry English noblemen and give writers an excuse for such statements?

The papers contain a story of a Prussian army officer who has fought nine duels in defense of the honor of his family. What a queer family it must be whose honor requires so much defending!

A charge of witchcraft has been made in a Pennsylvania court. Philadelphia is evidently just catching up with the Salem persecution period of colonial history. The sun do move—a little.

Physicians now announce that hot air has more to do with pneumonia than cold air. Is Senator Gorman being very careful of his lungs, nowadays?

Inquirer: No, the man who froze his hands shoveling snow off the sidewalk was not the owner of an up-town residence.

Why is the Russian called a bear when he proves to be such a bull in the wheat pit?

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Russell Sage will be obliged to go to work again. "Poor Russell," after many years of unremitting toil he had saved a competence which he thought justified him in retiring from active operations in Wall street. By strict economy the little hoard he had put by would support him in comparative comfort during his declining years. But fate is ever remorseless. A Minnesota jury has given a verdict of \$5,000 to a man who sued Uncle Russ for money for his services. So the poor old man will have to give up his fond dream of a pleasant old age, and go back to the street to work again.

A Berlin laundry has struck a fine advertising idea. It offers to keep its customers supplied with shirts if they will pay for the washing. Why doesn't some local laundry try that scheme? As shirts are washed now they could make no money, for a shirt is usually ruined at about the third washing, but if the companies were buying the linen they would be more careful.

A new heating scheme is reported from Paris. Carpets are made of electric wires which have only a limited conductivity; they stay warm, but do not communicate a shock. In a gambling room where one of these carpets was tried it is said that no one got cold feet during an entire evening.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says that once in the long ago he cut eighty cords of wood in a logging camp. That is to say, he proved that he could do honest work if he wanted to—but he doesn't want to. Eighty cords is not much, but a record as against an entirely idle lifetime.

A Pennsylvania man scared away two burglars with a revolver, and what is regarded as making it a better joke, the burglars ran. The revolver was not loaded, but the burglars ran because they were not the most dangerous kind, as statistics will show.

Representative Hemway seems to be a complaining sort of a fellow, after all. He charges that the War Department library is not a good thing, but, of course, if he merely wishes to substitute the Indiana product, he's all right.

A small-eating contest was held in Paris the other day. The announcement that Parisians were eating 30,000 horses a year was believed to be a sign that the rapid allotted to human beings—to the age when a good man shows the most marked saintliness of his character; when a statesman's mistakes are forgotten and his services magnified into wonderful deeds—when a useful citizen becomes "the Grand Old Man" and is revered by friends and foes alike.

The Marquis of Sligo had arrived at this age, but at none of these honors of age. Not a tear was shed by any of those thousands of tenants and retainers. None wished or dared to allude to his virtues, for he never had any; excoriated and despised in life, he went to a dishonored grave. The memories he has left behind are memories of extortion and cruel wrong, of reckless vice and extravagance, of merciless dealings with the poor, and of all the worst traits ever attributed to the Irish landlord class.

The Marquis of Sligo owned an estate of 15,000 acres in the beautiful County Mayo. It was all inherited from his father, and the legitimate income of the estate and other properties was \$150,000 a year. From the first year of his heritage he spent more of this princely income. For his estate he cared nothing, for his tenants he cared less than nothing, but the money he furnished was necessary to his career of vicious recklessness. So he ordered his agent to increase the rents; and again and again the prices of the miserable little holdings went up until they were the most exorbitant in all Ireland—and that is saying much. The "crownbar brigade" of ruffians in the pay of Lord Sligo evicted the entire population of villages and pulled down the houses. Then followed terrible famines, war and disease. The "hunger sickness" swooped down on County Mayo like a plague, and of Sligo's tenants almost several thousands perished. Thousands died because they were unable to furnish their food with money for his dissipation and folly! He was responsible for the health and welfare of all these swarms of women and helpless babes—he took all they had on earth and left them to starve while he drank and was merry with this blood-money.

All this was in 1847 and the miserable years that followed. Many of the old tenants fled to America and new ones finally took their place. These, too, felt the heavy hand of the rapacious landlord